

Hide you from the world

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Hide you from the world

by [Vridelian](#)

Summary

Hawks goes missing. Dabi's the one who finds him, in the abandoned motel where Hawks built himself a nest.

Notes

This is... supremely self-indulgent. Like I took the self-indulgent juice and poured it all over my face and drank the rest and then bathed in it. I feel like I should maybe apologise for that, but if you follow this series I guess you know what you got yourself into.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

There is something in Hawks' eyes that makes Dabi regret coming to find him alone, despite the weeks he just spent telling everyone around him to fuck off.

He's seen him before with narrowed eyes, pinpoint pupils lost in a sea of white. The stare that pins him now somewhat reminds him of those times, of Hawks' exceeding competence and hyper-focus.

But there is something more lurking under today, something more and something less.

The something more is confidence, Dabi realises as Hawks stands up from the pillow- and blanket-covered bed and stalks towards him. Dabi forces his posture to stay relaxed, to not show how unsettled the situation makes him.

The something less is tension. Despite the absolute focus on Dabi, Hawks is relaxed as he walks all the way up to Dabi, close enough for their noses to bump if Dabi breathes a bit too hard. Then Hawks grins, a savage thing, and Dabi realises he's been holding his breath and this is all starting to piss him off.

"What the fuck is up with you? Everyone's been looking for you for weeks."

Not just Dabi, not just the League. Not even just Hawks' colleagues and "friends," if he has any of these. Even the Commission. Even the public. Newsflashes displayed at the bottom of TV screens, demanding anyone to contact this number if they had any information.

Hawks doesn't answer, and his grin doesn't slip as he eyes Dabi up and down and circles around him.

"And you're the first to find me."

Dabi doesn't move, pretending to be bored with the bird's game and possibly not far from the truth - if only there wasn't this shiver trying to crawl up his spine. This whisper of danger that raises goosebumps on his skin and tells him not to let his guard down.

"What happened to you?"

"To me?" Hawks asks, arm sliding around Dabi's waist as he stops in front of him again. "I got hit by a quirk and decided to nest away while waiting for it to pass."

"What kind of quirk?" Dabi asks, gaze falling to Hawks' lips, so close to him. He had been worried. Might have been justified to.

"The kind that makes me want to take," Hawks growls as he pushes Dabi backwards until his back hits the wall. "The kind that makes me want to rip apart anything and anyone that's in my way. Gut them all." Hawks' voice sounds like thunder as he pushes the heel of his hand into Dabi's chest, staring at him like he's daring him to understand, before he turns away and steps back toward the bed. "The kind that I know I'll regret when the effects wear off." His fingers touch the edge of the blanket nest. "So I'm indulging in other things instead. Until this

passes. Everything else can fuck off." He throws a glance at Dabi, cold eyes shining threateningly. "That includes you and your bullshit."

"Oh, little bird," Dabi can't help but say, exhilaration flaring through his veins. "We both know you're the one with the bullshit here."

"Dabi... Don't even try me."

Most would cower at Hawks' tone, but not Dabi. No, seeing the bird fiercely shaking with emotions coursing high and honest is lighting a fire in him.

"I've never been anything but honest with you," Dabi says, still grinning. "No matter how ugly."

It's his turn to walk up to Hawks and to stare at him so closely he can feel the bird's breath on his face. Fists closed, Hawks barely manages to contain the rage boiling within, pupils madly switching between pinpoint and wide.

And that's not what Dabi wants.

"Come on, birdie," Dabi murmurs as his hand comes up to cup Hawks' cheek. "Take what you want. What is it going to be? A kiss? A talon through the stomach? Show me."

At such close range, Dabi doesn't have much of an advantage if it comes down to fighting, not when those feathers are already so close to him and to his throat.

But he doesn't want to fight.

He wants to know.

He wants to see.

Hawks's wings extend in an impressive display, spanning the entire room of the abandoned hotel Hawks has decided to make into his nest.

This kind of display never fails to take Dabi's breath away. He stops paying attention to Hawks' magnetic gaze to admire the length of the wings, and barely has time to blink when they close around him at the same time as Hawks closes the minuscule distance between them to wrap his arms around Dabi. He hides his face in Dabi's neck, nuzzling at the scars.

The wings join above them, forming a tight cocoon that filters out most of the light, but not all of it. Dabi can't help but press his cheek more heavily against the golden hair so close to him now, waiting to see what Hawks will do next.

The grip around his waist tightens and tightens, bordering on painful.

"I want to take you away," Hawks whispers against his neck, and Dabi shivers as if he could feel the ghostly sensations of the breath against his scarred skin. "I want to take you away from this world that does nothing but hurt you. I want to hide you from it, I want to cherish you and show you the love you deserve. I want to kiss the border of every one of your scars

every day and go mad from the joy of knowing they haven't grown larger today either, and won't ever again *because I won't let it happen.*"

Fingers dig painfully into Dabi's side but it doesn't matter because he can't breathe anyway. This isn't the violence he expected and his brain is turning to static as he tries and fails to process the words.

This is nothing like he expected.

"You should run while you can," Hawks says, kissing the line of his jaw and moving close to his lips. His eyes flick up and lock with Dabi's and something thumps painfully in his chest.

Hawks continues trailing kisses on his chin, on his bottom lip. "You need to breathe, hot stuff. Breathe for me."

His chest seizes and Dabi exhales painfully, coughing before gulping in large amounts of air. Fuck. He should say something but he can't, can't do anything but stare, as Hawks brings their lips together and kisses him softly without ever closing his eyes.

Dabi cannot look away either. He licks his lips and his tongue flicks against Hawks' mouth, and finally Dabi moves to wrap his arms around Hawks, hands settling comfortably on the man's hips. Where they belong. They just fit together too well, broken edges growing less sharp every time they clash against each other.

Now that he can breathe normally again, and be grounded by the arms holding onto him tightly, by the feathers brushing against his face where they hang near him, Dabi can observe his fill and relish and enjoy. Unruly waves of jittery energy still roll through Hawks, but it doesn't feel as wrathful now they've closed the space between them. He kisses Hawks' eyelids just because he can, and perhaps to buy himself some relief from the intensity of that gaze for a few seconds.

He loves this man way too much for his own good.

He slides an arm up around Hawks neck, hand slipping between the wings and outside of the cocoon, while the other brings Hawks flush against him. He kisses Hawks' eyebrow and rubs their cheek together before coming down to feel the scratch of Hawks' chin stubble against his cheekbone, relishing the sensation. This is Hawks. His forehead falls against Hawks' shoulder, lips grazing against the neck, light as a feather and not trying anything more intense.

Hawks' words have slayed him just as effectively as sex together never fails to, and he needs a moment to catch his breath.

Maybe they could keep this up while lying down, too... The thought of cuddling close together in that nest of blankets, and under the protective weight of a brightly coloured wing strong enough to keep the rest of the world at bay makes him lose his breath for entirely new reasons.

"Gonna invite me into your nest?" he asks, wanting and unable to stop himself.

"Only if you're ready for me to never let you go."

Dabi huffs. "I found you, pretty bird. I got my hands on you first and I'm the one who won't let go."

Hawks' answering grin is savage and possessive and loving, and everything Dabi could ever have wanted.

End Notes

Feral hug!

Lockdown restrictions finally easing up but the loneliness is still sumthin' else. Human touch who??

Later edit: Posted an [M-rated sequel](#) in 100-word drabbles ❤️

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